

**PranksTfer
And The
Sheepish Gardener**

**Transformation Story
Written by
Idle Rawr**

Daisy wiped the sweat from her brow, leaving the dirt from her working gloves on her face. The young woman was doing community work, picking weeds on municipal green space. It was no punishment of sorts. On the contrary, Daisy was a volunteer. She felt that she should give back to the community she was living in. Right now she was in a small park in front of a museum, but it was closed on that sunny day. In front of her were placed all sorts of tools, like big shovels, small shovels or her secateurs and a number of buckets filled with dandelions, thistles and other weeds, the work of an hour. Quite impressive, Daisy found. She was always happy to help. However, it started to get hot in that old, plaid flannel shirt and green overall of her father. He had discarded these pieces of clothing long ago, and this outfit was way too large for Daisy, but atleast she wasn't sorry to make these old clothes dirty. Putting her straw hat back on her head of curly red hair she decided that it wasn't time for a break yet. Kneeling on the grass, she kept on working while the sun kept on shining.

When a most welcome shadow fell on her, Daisy looked up briefly. Against the bright sun she could see the black silhouette of someone standing in front of her. Though, in the black silhouette she could clearly spot his bright eyes and wide grin. Odd. She hadn't heard anyone come by. "Can I help you?" she asked cheerfully.

"Yeah, I'd like to visit the museum," said the hooded stranger, pointing towards the museum's entry. "Heard they have an exhibition of fossils. Extinct animals, ancient and rare genes? Something like that, yes? But the door is locked."

"Sorry to tell you, the museum is closed today. Sorry."

It was impossible for Daisy to read the stranger's expression. For a moment, his bright eyes and wide smile seemed to... melt into several ovals, dancing over the surface of his face. Daisy was reminded of a lavalamp. But Daisy blinked the strange sight away. Certainly, she was just blinded by the sun. Maybe it was a day a little too hot for working on the outside?

"Then I'm, like, just passing by," said the man in a happy tone and walked away. Daisy looked after the hooded figure. Like her, the man wore the wrong clothes for this weather. "Poor guy, he has to sweat under this hoody..." However, she quickly forgot about the man when she kept on working.

It was some time until lunchtime and Daisy had have a healthy breakfast, but suddenly she felt hungry. At first it was no nuisance at all, she could ignore the hunger easily. But soon her stomach began to rumble, angrily growling at her. It was quite embarrassing, Daisy was lucky no one was around to hear the noises her tummy was producing. Too bad she hadn't packed a lunch, for she had planned to go home around noon. She got up and put off her working gloves. Now, before the hunger would become unbearable, Daisy wanted to go to the city and buy some fast food or snacks. She wasn't too happy at the thought, as she was trying to only eat healthy foods. And that was when the dandelions caught her eyes.

She had heard about this weed being edible, but had never tried it. And why should she now? There was no need for Daisy to resort to eating weed when she could just walk out of the park and find a

fast food place or takeaway. On the other hand... She could just give it a try and eat some 'real' food later anyway. It was not like she was planning to eat her fill of Dandelion. And also, no one was watching. So Daisy picked a dandelion from the lawn and sniffed at it. She found it clean enough for her to eat of it. Carefully Daisy bit of the tip of one of the Dandelion's leaves, and the next moment her face flinched into a mask of distaste. "Yuck!"

While Daisy was certain that Dandelion was edible and not poisonous, her tongue was certain of something else: the tiny bit of leaf she had in her mouth was overly bitter, enough to make her want to spit out. Just in that moment the hooded man from earlier walked on the path next the museum, next to her and Daisy didn't want to spit out in front of anybody. That would have been most impolite. So she summoned up all her will power and bravely chewed the Dandelion until she could swallow. "That guy again...", Daisy uttered under her breath but when the man waved to her, she waved back. Under the stranger's hood Daisy could see an unnervingly wide grin but she didn't want to be impolite. And while she was chewing, Daisy got more and more used to the bitter taste. Indeed, once the hooded stranger was out of sight again Daisy found that the Dandelion didn't taste bad at all. Biting off another leaf from the Dandelion in her hand, the color began to drain from her red hair.

Being surprised how good the Dandelion was tasting, Daisy didn't notice how her red curls slowly turned into white wool. Soon she picked a second Dandelion, then another. No, she was definitely not going to the city for lunch, she thought. Instead, she searched the green space for another tasty weed. Licking her lips when she found more Dandelion, Daisy was unaware of her face elongating, her nose pushing forward or her ears becoming pointy. By the time she was stuffing the weed into her mouth with both hands, white wool was sprouting all over body, while her finger nails turned into black keratin. Both her hands and mouth were smeared with the white juice of the Dandelions. It became awkward to walk in her boots for some reasons, so she kicked them off. One could have seen that no longer human feet were inside her socks. Instead, the socks did stretch over the shape of cloven hooves. Also her hands began to change: two of her fingers shrunk away, while the keratin finger nails grew larger. Her face had turned long, with undeniably sheep-like features and a thick white head of wool on top. Black velvet fur was covering her muzzle, just like her hands and feet. Beside that, her lean shape, her belly, her butt, her breasts, were expanding, both with wool growing on her, but also with flab. Apparently all the weed she was eating was metabolized into fat. Quickly, she had filled out her father's wide shirt and overall. But Daisy didn't take notice of all these changes. She was too consumed with eating, she even began to stuff grass and other weeds beside Dandelion into her mouth.

But soon enough Daisy took notice of something: it had already been warm in the sun, but now it turned uncomfortably hot. Also, her clothing seemed to have shrunk, for her flannel shirt and her overall spanned tightly over her body. She paused her eating looking down her body confused. Did... did she gain weight? Her breast and belly were fitting snugly into her father's outfit. It was supposed to be too large for her. And in her crotch area was another strange bulge, making her feel uncomfortable. At the bursted seams of her shirt's arms Daisy spotted wool like fabric. Strange. To remove the pressure Daisy opened the shoulder straps of her overall. The moment the green overall was no longer keeping her shirt together, it exploded with wool. "What the..?" Daisy gasped in shock, as the upper buttons popped open and were launched into different directions. The plaid fabric gave in to her wool covered breasts, which also tore her bra apart. Around her shoulders and her arms her shirt was reduced to shreds by the wool growing under it.

Hastily turning her head to look whether anyone was around to see her like this, Daisy raised her arms to cover her bare, wooly breast. She could hardly cover her enlarged, white, woolen boobs with black velvet around the areola and black nipples. They felt so... fluffy. And below her expanded chest, her evenly swollen belly was still stuffed snugly into her father's tight overall. To

her shock, Daisy had to learn that she was now covered in white wool, or black velvet everywhere. After feeling the wool on her breasts, her neck, her arms, Daisy stared with disbelief at her black hands which had become a mixture of human hands and sheep hooves with thumbs. "BAAA-...!" Daisy screamed, but only a sheep-like baa escaped her mouth, why she quickly covered it with her hands. What had happened to her? She didn't even recognize her face's shape anymore. Instead of her human lips, her cheeks she was touching a sheep-like muzzle. Her curly hair had turned into dense sheep wool, and to the sides of her head sheep ears were sprouting. And on top of all these shocking going-ons, Daisy was still hungry.

Sticking her hands inside the overall, Daisy rubbed her rumbling belly. She had developed real rolls of fat, her lean shape was gone. "Baa- Baa- But I..." she said desperately. This... had to be a dream. This couldn't be real. Another hungry growling made Daisy fall to her knees. Her straw hat fell to the ground. It looked... delicious. Apprehension filled her mind. No, this was not a dream. She sunk down to all fours, down to the straw hat. It was a welcome variety from the green plants she had eaten all the time. After a few bites, it was gone. But for Daisy, it was just an appetizer. Crawling over the lawn, Daisy plunged her muzzle into the grass, grazing greedily. On the one hand she was ashamed to gorge herself like that, to eat like an animal. And she prayed to God no one would come by to see her like that. On the other hand, she was just hungry.

And when she started to eat again, her body began to expand again also. Her already swollen breast expanded to great proportions, though it was uncertain where the boobs ended and the wool started. However, her breasts hang heavily from her chest, weighing her down. Just like her chubby tummy, which seemed to gain in size everytime Daisy swallowed. The overall strained tensely over her growing butt and thighs. Without stopping to graze, Daisy awkwardly peeled her body out of the overall, which was now way too small. But it was easy to undress, as her growing hips, butt and thighs already were bursting out of the overall. In her crotch area, another set of udderlike tits shred first the overall, then her panties into pieces. These were large, not wool covered crotch boobs of pink skin with darker spots, ending in one black and one pink teat like nipple. A wiggling, short tail grew from the end of her spine between her plump, woolen butt cheeks, and from the backview one could have seen a black skinned, sheep-like pussy nestled in her crotch.

Despite being naked, Daisy didn't feel naked. Of course, feeling the wind blow over her new udder and her exposed pussy and nipples gave her the goosebumps and made her turn red under her fur. But actually the wool made her feel like she was in a sauna, and it became difficult to move around. Panting for breath Daisy looked up once she had finished another patch of grass. She had caused quite a mess: the lawn was in a terrible state, the grass was eaten away unevenly and here and there were barren spots. It didn't worry her as much as the fact, that she had been eating all the morning, but never drank a drop. And with all the wool on her she was bound to get a heat stroke. The temperature was unbearable, and she felt numb, sleepy. Was she still hungry? She couldn't tell. The world slowly turned into a fevered haze. A figure walked up to her. "Oh," said the PranksTFer.

Once again, the hooded stranger stood in front of her, a black silhouette against the bright sun. Though, there was no smile in his face. It rather looked like a sad smiley. In his hands he held her secateurs.

"By Possibill, good thing I came back. Looks like you are in need of... a haircut?!" His crescent mouth shifted upwards into an uncanny smile. "Lets liberate you a little more then. Just know, that I claim the spoils..."

And Daisy passed out.

Post Transformation

They found her dehydrated, unconscious and nude in the small park in front of the museum. Well, nude might be the wrong term. Daisy had still been covered in a thick layer of wool, despite someone's obvious attempts to shave it. Clearly, it had been an amateur of sheep-shearing, for he left her wool disheveled, ruffled, and didn't cut deep enough, probably being afraid to hurt her. Anyway, he had removed most of the wool and saved her from an heat stroke and maybe her life. There just was no clue where her saviour or the wool went. But Daisy was just happy to survive that day. Despite being turned into a sheep thing.

It had been difficult to convince people of her really being Daisy, not speaking of her really being human. Even her own family had been skeptical. Everyone had to... adjust. Now there came in more reports of transformations like hers. From all around the world. Daily. Daisy herself had her wool professionally sheared, and it was revealed that she didn't gain that much weight as she had feared. That didn't mean she wasn't chubby, she was actually sporting voluptuous curves, but it wasn't as much as she thought when her wool shred her clothing during her transformation.

Though her transformation had been traumatic. In the beginning Daisy had been afraid to eat, as she was worried that it would trigger an extreme wool growth again. Yet, there was no reason to be afraid. Her wool grew at the same rate as human hair, and eating had no effect on that. Because she prefers to wear clothes instead of wool she visits the shearer on a monthly base. At the barber she has her head wool dyed red regularly. Having got four stomachs however, Daisy was now pure vegetarian and required the same food as a sheep. Basically grass and hay, but she also can eat corn, grain, or beans. But mostly she lives of pellets, stock farming grade concentrated feedstuff. Considering her diet it was both fitting and ironic that she became a professional landscape gardener with more than enough access to grass.

On this particular day she was doing a job for the city. In front of the local museum a line of trees was supposed to be planted, just that museum in front of which she had been transformed into the anthro sheep she was today. She did feel queasy, but her transformation occurred over a year ago, so Daisy told herself to face the place where she once was changed. Other than back then the museum was opened that day, and there always were people entering and exiting the building, walking on the paths in the park in front of it. Daisy had never the feeling of being alone, like... on the day. Of course, she was stared at, but she got used to people staring at her. However, the staring became less and less over time. Nowadays Daisy wasn't the oddest transformium victim around.

So Daisy was just doing her job when suddenly the museum's security alert went off. Sirens did whine and red lights did flash while grates were ratcheted up in front of the windows. Alarmed herself Daisy paused her work to look over to the building. Most people stood still turning their heads to the museum, however a single figure ran out of it, pushing the bystanders out of his way. The man wore a hoody with the hood concealing his face of which only his bright eyes and his crescent mouth with corners pointing to the floor were visible. And on his back he was carrying a huge sack like a cartoonish bank robber. "Nah! All my dino genes now!" screamed the figure as he was running down the path. No one tried to stop him. Oddly, Daisy found he reminded her of something... or someone. She watched him disappear behind a corner and remembered.

The End

Everything Written by IdleRawr